The Nugget is delivered to your home twice a week for only 30 cents per month

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

Vol. 19, No. 18. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1945

A NEVADA CITY RED CROSS GIRL VISITS THE RIVIERA IN FRANCE

Dr. C. W. Chapman has kindly consented to the publication of a letter just received from his daughter, Miss Helen Chapman, who writes of her vation on the Riviera in France. The letter is packed with human interest. It follows:

By HELEN CHAPMAN

Cannes, France,
February 11, 1945

Dear Poppy:

Many is the time I have jokingly said, "I think I'll go to the Rieviera for my vacation this year." Well, here I am and I'm not kidding. I have a very nice hotel room with windows opening out on to the blue Mediterranean Sea. For six days I can dream there is no war. That is if I shut by eyes when other uniforms pass or when I come across wrecked pill boxes along the beach, or a few bomber buildings, or barbed wire entanglements not yet removed. On the whole, however, everything here looks peaceful and damage is very slight.

Five of us from Group C started out last Wednesday to come down here for six days leave not counting traveling time. Marty Stengal, Bunny Ronalds, Maggie Woods, Libby Woodell and myself are in the bunch. We tried to travel light but we managed to fill up most of the space in the back end of our little truck which resembles a station wagon. We drove (all but Maggie) in that down to Paris where we stopped over night and then proceeded by train.

On our way from Germany we saw a number of interesting places. The whole trip was a process of passing alternately from the ridiculous to the sublime and back again. Happily the end of the trip down is the sublime. We thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing however, even in the darkest moments which as you will see later was the act of boarding the train at Marsailles.

Between Germany and Paris the journey was really the roughest because we were driving and the roads are not in the best of repair. Of interest was Liege, one of the worst buzz bombed cities in Europe and quite a wreck. It was having a rest, I hope permanently at this time. We traveled along the Meuse River and passed through the town of Dinant. It was as if the Middle Ages had returned too meet us there. It is a gray stone city against a gray stone cliff with the river running along in front of it. The cathedral there looks as if it were carved out of the cliff. On top of the cliff is a gray citadel which has been guarding Dinant for many centuries. We continued through the countryside of France until we came to the lovely city of Soissons, famous as a bloody battleground in World War I. We went on to Loan where one of the largest cathedrals in France stands. This town was severely damaged. All these places are rich in the history of Europe from the time of Charlemagne to the present. When dusk arrived came one of our darker moments literally and figuratively for we discovered our car had its lights permanently blacked out and we were still two hours from Paris. Fortune was with us because we were helped by the army just as we were faced with utter darkness. The army is always very kind to us and in this case spent two hours rigging up a light so we could carry on. We waited in a nice warm room and had some food.

We arrived in Paris quite late but there is a special service which takes care of getting quarters for service people and we were put up at a Red Cross hotel. It wasn't the very best. The sheets weren't clean, no heat, (a general states in Paris) and no hot water, but we stayed only one night. The bed was very very soft, however. I met a friend, Gizzie Simons, there, who had been with Madeline Himes in England. She invited me to stay in her room, which I did in preference to waking up a total stranger in the middle of the night. I discovered that Gizzie was the guest of some other girl and as there was only two beds I was taking a chance of being kicked out. Luckily the hostess didn't come home.

I spent that day in Paris, chiefly getting my money changed into French francs and along with the others getting travel accommodations. We left that evening on a first

(Continued on Page Four)

FEB. RAINS IN TRUCKEE HEAVY

Precipitation at the Truckee Ranger station totaled seven and fifty eight hundredths inches, or three and three tenths inches over normal for the month of February, reports District Ranger H. I. Snider.

The total snowfall for February was thirty three inches but the snow depth at the ranger station is now only twenty six inches. since the warm rains the first part of February melted a great deal of the previous snow pack and heavy run off occurred during the rain, especially below the six thousand foot level where the snow pack is now very shallow and mostly confined to partly shaded areas, Snider states.

The total precipitation at Truckee since last September 1, is now twenty and four tenths inches or three and eighty one hundredths inches above normal.

STATE PREPARES TO REVAMP HIGHWAY SYSTEM

To meet California's unquestioned need for modernizing its highway system, following the war, a complete plan for developing some 3300 miles of California major state highways to limited access specifications has been recommended by the California major highway development committee, composed of representatives of five California organizations.

The plan calls for the development of twenty seven hundred miles of inter state routes, consisting in the main of the two existing north-south arteries; and five present major east-west laterals to connect with transcontinental routes. The plan further provides for six hundred miles of urban freeways to be constructed in California's seven metropolitan centers, thus providing an intergrated system of urban and rural free flowing traffic routes, into which will be incorporated all recognized safety devices.

Companion bills authorizing the construction of such a system were introduced in the state legislature on January 25.

Under these measures, the state department of public works, is vested with the responsibility of acquiring the necessary rights of way, and designing, constructing and maintaining the system of limited access highways. Responsibility for determining the routes for the 600 miles of freeways in the metropolitan districts is placed with the state highway commission, but the commission is required to hold public hearings and receive the recommendations of local authorities and other interested agencies before final action is taken to determine such locations.

To finance the construction of the freeway system, legislation has also been introduced calling for an increase in the motor vehicle fuel tax of 1 1-2 cents per gallon; the revenue from the added tax to be deposited in a special limited access highway fund. The department of public works, in addition is instructed to devote as much as can be legally earned in the way of federal aid funds, together with state matching money, to the limited access system. The funds are to be expeneded in each county of the state in the proportion that its motor registration bears to the total motor vehicle registration of the state.

In counties where allocations from the limited access highway fund exceed the amount necessary for construction of the limited access system within that county, the state highway commission is authorized to allocate the excess funds for acquisition, construction, maintenance and improvement of primary and secondary state highways. In counties where no limited access highway is to be built, under the master plan, the funds can also be used for improvement and construction of secondary and primary state highways. Funds which remain unexpended at the end of any annual future construction of authorized projects, whether they are freeways or state highway projects.

ELECTED COUNTY OFFICERS DENIED PAY INCREASES

By a three to two vote the Nevada County Board of Supervisors turned down the request of the county's elected officials for an increase of 20 per cent in salaries, but the board did grant several increases in the salaraies of deputies.

The board gave one deputy county auditor an increase of $300 a year making her salary $1800. Two deputy county assessors will each receive the same raise in remuneration. The salary of a deputy county treasurer will be based on 12 instead of nine month year, to stand at $125 per menth.

By a vote of three for and two against, an increase in the pay of deputy sheriffs, from $150 to $165 per month was granted. The county superintendent of schools will be permitted one deputy at $1500 a year.

EARL COVEY APPOINTED TO IMPORTANT POST

Earl Covey, past commander of the Hague-Thomas-Hegarty Post of the American Legion, has just been commissioned by the Secretary of Agriculture to be a member of the Veterans Agricultural Loans Committee for Nevada County. Covey was named because he is both a veteran and a business man with long experience in financial transactions. His commission extends to 1947.

MAYOR OF GRASS VALLEY RESIGNS

Richard Trathen, mayor and city councilman of Grass Valley last week at a specially called meeting of the city council presented his resignation. No reason for his resignation was stated. Councilman John R. Thomas was elected mayor to take office immediately in Trathen's stead. The city council will appoint a new member to serve to fill the vacancy on the board. Announcement of the appointment will probably be made at the next meeting of the city council.

Councilman J. Stennett declared this morning that the board had always acted in harmony and that no reason for Trathen's resignation had been stated. Trathen had served two years as mayor and as city councilman for eight years. He was originally appointed to office following the retirement of former Mayor Jack Harris.

GRASS VALLEY PARATROOPER DIES IN ACTION

The War Department has telegraphed Mrs. Floris Henderson of Hills Flat, that her husband, Cpl. Roy J. Henderson, paratrooper, was killed in action over Germany on February 14th.

Henderson was employed at the Empire Mine prior to entering the army in October, 1942. He had been overseas 16 months, had been wounded on D-day during the Normandy invasion, and had received the purple heart and a presidential citation for gallantry in action.

Word also has been received that his younger brother, Joseph E. Henderson, serving in the U. S. Navy, had died of an appendectomy in the Pacific treatre on February 18th.

Besides his wife, Cpl. Henderson leaves an infant son, Donnell, his mother, Mrs. Dora L. Henderson, brothers, Earl and Ernest Henderson, and a sister, Joanne Henderson all of Ogden, Utah.

FOR INVESTIGATION

Melvin John Ronan, 44, was lodged in the county jail Friday for investigation. Ronan was wearing a U. S. Air Corps uniform. He is a miner residing in Grass Valley.

HELEN CHAPMAN HEARD ON AIR

A radio broadcast over KFRC midafternoon Saturday from somewhere in Germany interviewed a Red Cross Mobile Unit and girls from several places in the United States were questioned. One of the questions was "Who Do You Most Admire?" As the answers came in the fourth stood out clear in the minds of many Nevada City and Grass Valley residents. "I am Helen Chapman, Nevada City, California, I most admire the infantrymen." In the 15 minute broadcast many girls said they most admired their dad, Eisenhauer, Churchill, Roosevelt, etc., but several had the same feeling as Miss Chapman in expressing their preference. Immediately Dr. Chapman was called by friends from Nevada City and Grass Valley and they told him of hearing his daughter's voice. Mrs. Harry Davey, whose daughter married Miss Chapman's brother, Muller Chapman, was listening and heard Miss Chapman clearly.

TRUCKEE RANGER TELLS OF MANY IMPROVEMENTS

District Ranger H. I. Snider in charge of the Truckee district of the Tahoe national forest, has just completed his 20th year on this district, thus realizing his desire to live and work in the high Sierra Nevada mountains. He is celebrating the event by completing land use plans, whereby it is hoped the Lake Tahoe area will be the number one recreation area in the national forests of California.

In 1942 Snider recalls, the Tahoe forest had only the Lake Tahoe camp ground, which had been donated to the forest, and there was only one building on the Truckee district the Martis Peak lookout which was built in 1912 with the aid of the Crown-Williamette Paper Company. The other two field guards on the district at that time lived in tents. The Truckee ranger station was a rented building which quartered two fire guards, fire fighting equipment, office and the ranger and his family. The only forest service equipment consisted of a model T truck, a relic of World War I.

Snider stated he rented a house to live in when he arrived and by 1928 managed to have cabins built for three field guards by raising cooperative funds and salvaging movie set lumber. In 1929 he built a home for his family. By 1922 a total of 14 new buildings had been erected, which included accommodations for additional fire guards and lookouts in western Nevada, to which fire protection had been extended. A complete new telephone communication system had been built, six camp ground and summer home areas had been laid out and were operating and many new summer homes had been erected by permitees in the district.

MANY CARS NOW RUNNING ON BORROWED TIME

The normal life span of a passenger car is from 6 to 7 1-2 years, reports the Service Department of the National Automobile Club. During this period of time, the average automobile will be good for between 50,000 and 100,000 miles of transportation if given proper care. It is estimated that 220,000 automobiles are now living on borrowed time and just barely able to limp along on California highways. Although it was feared that these borderline cars would be of considerable danger on the highways, it has been found that the majority of accidents is still the result of careless driver and not the fault of the automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eden motored to Lincoln Wednesday and visited friends. The birthday of one of her friends was celebrated with a dinner.

Bank of America Check To Red Cross, $47.40

Bank of America has delivered a check for $47.40 to Nevada City Chapter of the American Red Cross as its 1945 local contribution to the national Red Cross drive. This is the chapter's proportionate share of Bank of America's state wide gift of $110,000 based upon the local quota as assigned by national Red Cross headquarters.

Telephone Company Gives $50 to Red Cross

E. R. Ingalls, manager of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, has presented a check for $50 to the Nevada City Chapter, American Red Cross.

Again this year the company is contributing to the various Red Cross chapters throughout the Pacific Coast territory in which it operates. The total of this year's contribution to all chapters amounts to $130,000.

Mrs. Sturevant Heads Elementary School PTA

Mrs. Howard Sturtivant was seated as president Friday afternoon of the Nevada City Elementary Parent Teabers Association. Installing officer was Mrs. George C. Huber of Sacramento first vice president of the Third District of the association.

Franc Luschen, music director, gave a 20 minute program of musical numbers played by the student orchestra. H. E. Kjorlie, superintendent of the Nevada City Unified School District, led a discussion of the elementary school budget. Refreshments were served by Miss Savory Ford's second graders.

Mrs. Sturtivant suceeds Mrs. Matt Sauer, retiring president.

Complaints Against Thomas O'Dea Dismissed

District Attorney H. Ward Sheldon yesterday filed a formal dismissal of a misdemeanor charge, battery, and felony charge, resisting an officer, pending against Thomas O'Dea, acquitted last week by jury of a battery charge in Grass Valley.

Evidence in the two cases just dismissed paralelled the evidence in the trial last week. The district attorney stated that testimony was conflicting and he did not believe a conviction was probable. O'Dea was arrested November 25th, following a brawl in a Grass Valley cafe.

Following his acquittal last week, O'Dea's attorneys, E. Vayne Miller and Arthur DeB. Carr of Sacramento, filed a claim for $12,500 against the city of Grass Valley, alleging their client had been injured by rough treatment on the part of Policemen William Sproul and Kenneth Manuel. The Grass Valley city council rejected the claim.

John Sturgill Leaves Jair for Hospital Again

John Sturgill, awaiting trial in county jail on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon was in the Nevada County Hospital last week, suffering, according to Sheriff C. J. Tobiassen, from hysteria. About a month ago Sturgill attempted suicide, slashing his throat and arms with a razor blade. His trial then pending was postponed. It is believed he will not be able to appear Tuesday when his trial is again scheduled.

Before his attempt at suicide, Sturgill made a purported confession to Sheriff Tobiassen, indicating that in May 139 he had murdered an intinerant in Alameda County in May, 1939. Investigation by the sheriff's office in Alameda County failed to verify Sturgill's statements.

Sturgill was arrested in Truckee in January following a stabbing affray in which William Felder was slashed. Felder served 30 days in the county jail for drunkenness.

ADDS DOLLS TO COLLECTION

Mrs. Miles Coughlan was presented with three foreign dolls to add to her large group by Nevada City men now on the war fronts. One came from Major Warren Chapman and was from the Naples area of Italy and two others were from Bud Keller, former Nevada City boy, and they also came from Italy. One of Mrs. Coughlan's hobbies is dolls and she has all sizes, from many countries. Many of the dols are dressed according to periods in the history adding charme to her large collection.

STATE CHAMBER ASKS POSTWAR AID IN PROJECTS

SACRAMENTO, March 5—Reaffirming its support of the state tax reduction program, the Sacramento Valley Council of the California State Chamber of Commerce has adopted a recommendation that the state chamber urge the legislature to consider allocating a portion of the state surplus to cities and counties for postwar construction projects.

The council also went on record as favoring the voluntary principle for health insurance and opposing the compulsory principle in several proposals now before the state legislature.

The council considered a large number of other legislative proposals at its meeting in the Hotel Senator which was presided over by George G. Pollock, regional vice president of the state chamber. The council's recommendations will be reviewed by the chamber's appripriate state wide committees and its board of directors before the chamber takes a final position on any of them.

The council's action on health insurance followed a debate between Beach Vasey, Governor Warren's secretary and opponents of compulsory health insurance. Dr. Frank MacDonald, Sacramento physician and surgeon, who represented the California Medical Association, and O. J. Lacy, president of the California Western States Life Insurance Company, spoke against compulsory insurance. Dr. MacDonald asserted that if given time voluntary programs will substantially meet the problems involved.

The council's action with reference to continued tax reduction and state aid to cities and counties was taken after Richard Graves, executive secretary of the League of California Cities and Frederic Alexander, executive secretary of the county supervisors association of California, declared that local governments are facing serious employment and construction problems as the result of population increases and war burdens. Elton Sherwin, Sacramento city manager, also spoke in favor of state aid to cities.

Other legislative proposals approved in principle by the council included:

Acquisition of forests by the state, establishment of forest cutting practice codes, reorganization of the state board of forestry on a staggered term basis, transfer of the LaTour Forest to the State Division of Forestry to be administered as a state forest; federal, state, and private land owner cooperation in eradication of the pine bark beetle in California forests; creation of a state advisory flood control board, creation of a state water authority to deal with the federal government, delegation of limited regulatory powers to the State Fish and Game Commission, extension of the farm production council and reappropriation of the balances unexpended by the council, creation of a second injury fund under the Workmen's Compensation laws, extension of the mine debt moratorium, extension of the premium quota plan for the production of strategic minerals, repeal of the three per cent gross receipts tax on for hire highway carriers, increase in state aid to counties for tuberculosis sanitariums, additional state aid for control of predatory animals, and creation of a new dairy industry board on a self supporting basis to expand markets for California dairy products.

The council opposed all legislation to increase free hunting and fishing licenses and legislation to regulate the Christmas tree trade. The council approved in principle legislation to enable the State Fish and Game Commission to purchase and operate public shooting grounds and to use its own funds for that purpose, but recommended the subject of appropriations from the state post war surplus for that purpose be given study.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kopp came up from the bay district Saturday and are spending a few days in their home. They have property interests here and expect to move home the first of the month. He has been employed in war work while in the bay district the past two years.

Nevada City Nugget

305 Broad Street. Phone 36.

A Legal Newspaper, as defined by statute. Printed and Published at Nevada City.

H. M. LEETE - - - - - Editor and Publisher

Published Semi-Weekly, Monday and Thursday at Nevada City, California, and entered as mail matter of the second class in the postoffice at Nevada City under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year (In Advance) $3.00
One Month ..... 30 cents

JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder, friend of all the world,
When sorrow comes and joys depart
What would life be could you not bring,
Your solace to the mind and heart.
Your tender ministries of love,
To soothe our pain and calm our fears,
Your gentle hand to clasp our own
And wipe away the burning tears.

During this month of March, it becomes our privilege and duty to pay heart felt homage to that glorious friend of all the world the American Red Cross and to support it by every means within our power, in order that its beneficient tasks may proceed unhindered and that its deeds of mercy may be multiplied.

Never before in all the long, cruel annals of "man's inhumanity to man" has the need been so great, the call so insistent, the demand so imperative, as at this present time. This is indeed a shattered world. Civilizations, built up in days gone by, have been shaken to there very foundations ;nations have been ravaged, governments over thrown. Numberless towns, cities and once smiling countrysides are no longer fit for human habitation; entire populations have been murdered, enslaved, or driven into pitiless exile. The black tides of wrath and hate sweep every shore, the clouds of unleashed fury darken every sky; but, to every scene of desolation, wherever human need is great, the Red Cross goes, intent upon its sublime missions of love and mercy, eager to save, reclaim and restore, not only physical and material values, but also to bring courage and hope to those who have, amid the horrors of war and in the pain of loss, forgotten the fair ideals of youth and wandered away into the dark pathways of cynicism and despair.

The Red Cross knows no barriers of race, or creed or color. It sees in every man, a human brother and seeks only to determine his need. It dares every danger, endures every discomfort, overcomes every obstacle; it is indeed ehe friend of all the world; it's crimson cross a symbil of universal brotherhood and an all embracing love for humanity. Let us sustain its efforts, by lo,ally and generously contributing to its support, remembering always that

"The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him who gives and him who takes".
"It is an attribute of God, himself."

A, Merriam Conner.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horner and son of Sacramento visited his aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. L. Land Friday.

Mrs. Violet Chapman, who formerly lived in western Nevada City on the Downieville highway, arrived for a visit with friends. Her late husband, Major Frank Chapman passed away here two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Moomey and granddaughter have returned to their home on upper Boulder Street from more than a year spent at Livermore. They resided at Red Bluff for some time and then went to the bay region.

Omar Tonella employed in the bay district, is here for a visit with his mother Mrs. Ben Tonella and looking after property interests.

Sheriff C. J. Tobiassen was an official visitor in Truckee Thursday. Upon returning home late in the evening he ran into a snow storm on the Donner Summit.

Will Pearce, who suffered injuries to his leg in an accident recently, has gone to Oakland to spend some time with his daughter, Mrs. Will Moulton and family.

Mrs. John Eden entertained her card club Thursday afternoon at three tables of players. Mrs. Josie Muscardini won high score and Mrs. Ellen Nelson, consolation.

Miss Betty Jacobs left Saturday for Berkeley to resume her studies in the spring semester at University of California. Miss Betty Rore, who has been here visiting her parents, City Councilman and Mrs. Rore, and house guest, Miss Marion Edmonds have also returned to studies at university after a week here.

A letter received from Rev. and Mrs. Charles Washburn of Long Beach brought the first news to Mrs. Rose Nolan in Grass Valley that her son, Gene Kneebone, his wife Mary W. Kneebone and their two children prisoners of the Japanese since the fall of Manila, "are all well and will be home soon."

Mrs. Kneebone was formerly Miss Mary Washburn and her father for several years was rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church here. Gene Kneebone, her husband went out to the Philippines six years before the war with Japan began and was office manager for the Marsman Mining Company.

The message also stated that John Crocker, another Grass Valley mining man employed in the Philippines, had been liberated. He was a millman employed in a mine at Baguio for 10 years prior to the war. He was released from the prison camp at Santa Tomas. His daughter, Miss Adeline Crocker, is a secretary in an army hospital near Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kneebone have a daughter, 8, and son, 3, the latter born in a Japanese prison camp.

Still unreported are LaMar Fleming of Nevada City, who had been employed for many years in mining in the Philippines, Merton Downey of Nevada City, employed in mining, and A. F. Duggleby, former manager of Benguet-Balatoc Mining Company, with many friends in both Grass Valley, where he formerly lived, and in Nevada City. It is surmised that these three were moved to other prison camps shortly before Santo Tomas was wrested from the Japs.

FARM NEWS

4-H MESSAGE

The president of the United States has issued this message to 4-H clubs on the occasion of national 4-H Club week.

"This year the nation again reviews with pride the war services of its 1,700,000 4-H club members. Wherever you 4-H members live, work and share responsibilities, there is convincing evidence of your efforts in achieving your seven war time goals. Nowhere are these services more appreciated than among our fighting forces.

"Final victory of our armed forces is still to be attained. Your efforts must be carried forward with even more momentum in 1945. To this end may National 4-H Club week. Mar. 3-11, result in a rededication by all 4-H Club members of their heads, hearts, hands, and health to full hearted endeavor in all that makes for victory. Such rededication is significant, especially in this crucial war year of 1945.

"The degree to which we can make victory last and build an enduring peace will depend upon our loyalty to the ideals we hold. We proudly believe that when the cause of democracy finally wins hsitory will record that American youths played a decisive role."

MORE TURKEYS IN 1945

Another substantial increase in turkey production by California growers in 1945 is indicated by the California crop and livestock reporting service. Intentions expressed by turkey growers indicate a seven per cent increase in the turkey production for 1045 over 1944.

Turkey eggs and poults are in strong demand over the entire state. Turkey egg production has been stepped up considerably, and the number of breeder hens on hand now is six per cent larger than a year ago. Poult hatchings are starting earlier.

The largest crop of turkeys ever produced in California was the 1944 crop of 4,260,000 turkeys, says the California crop and livestock report of February. California continues to rank first in turkey production. The 1944 season was generally favorable, although disease losses were heavy in some localities, and feed and labor costs were relatively high. Overall losses continue lighter in California than in most other states. The average weight of turkeys sold in the state was higher than in 1943. Reports from producers showed an average weight of 14.3 pounds for hens sold in 1944 and 23. pounds for toms sold. These compare with 14.1 pounds and 23 pounds respectively, the average weights of birds sold in 1943.

Turkey growers of the United States pla nto raise 39,481,000 turkeys this year. This would be eight per cent more than the record crop of last year. Turkey producers in the west north central states, who produced 29 per cent of the turkeys raised in 1944, plan to increase 10 per cent this year.

"In the west, where 31 per cent of last year's crop was produced, the expected increase is six per cent; in the east central and north Atlantic states 20 per cent and in the soueh Atlantic 13 per cent. Producers in the south central, who raised 15 per cent of the 1944 turkeys, plan a decrease of four per cent this year.

Some difference between January 1 intentions and aceual performance is to be expected, the difference depending on the supply and price of hatching eggs, poult prices and prospective feed prices. Last year the number of turkeys raised exceeded the January intentions by eight per cent, the first time the intentions have been exceeded in seven years of record.

PROUD RECORD OF RED CROSS IN NEVADA CITY

A report of the Nevada City Red Cross Chapter showing expenditures for the year ending March 1, 1945, reveals total receipts of $3,520.77, expenditures of $3,193.44 and a balance of $327.33.

Expenditures are broken down to $1,398.70 for home service, $1,-149.52 for production; $41.35 for surgical dressings; $103.56, hospital; $28.93, Junior Red Cross; $100, swim week; $200 community nursing service; $171.38 general fund and rent.

Production records for two years include 443 knit garments, 833 sewed garments, 803 filled kit bags, 181 lap robes, 1,330 pairs of slippers, 19 layettes, miscellaneous pieces 5,-547 and surgical dressings 475,500.

Production chairmen for the two years have been Mrs. Arthur Innis, and Mrs. Albert Polglase. Surgical dressings chairman were Mrs. Alvin Walthers and Mrs. R. Renfree. On surgical dressings alone 101 women gave 35,005 hours to the work. On other articles 125 women devoted 49,000 hours.

Four 50-Year Rebekah Members are Honored

At an impressive ceremony, almost without precedent, Saturday night four members of Laurel Rebekah Lodge of Nevada City, received their 50 year membership pins. Those honored were Mrs. Cary S. Arbogast, Mrs. W. V. Tamblyn, Mrs. Annie Godfrey and Mrs. May Pearse. A fifth member for 50 years, Miss Ada Eden of Indian Flat, was unable to be present. Her pin will be presented at a later meeting.

A short program was enjoyed during the presentation of pins. Mrs. Edna Hansen sang In the Gloaming, Mrs. Maude Hays played a delightful instrumental solo and several members made short talks. The recipients of the 50-year honors briefly addressed their fellow members. A large delegation was present from Grass Valley Lodge of Rebekahs. Mrs. Esther Tremaine was the chairman for the evening. Refreshments were served at the conclusion.

ASESSOR'S OFFICE IN GRASS VALLEY

Beginning tomorrow County Assessor P. G. Scadden and deputies will maintain an office in the firemen's room of the City Hall in Grass Valley for the convenience of Grass Valley taxpayers. The office will be open for two weeks. The assessor and his deputies will be available from 9 a. m. until 4:30 p. m. daily.

The altitude of San Francisco ranges from sea level to 938 feet.

Mrs. Luella Ramsey Summoned by Death

Funeral services are pending in the Holmes Funeral Home for Mrs. Luella Ramsey who died Saturday morning at her home on Walrath Avenue.

Mrs. Ramsey was the widow of the late N. A. Ramsey and had resided in Nevada City for 25 years. She was a native of Kansas, admired by her many friends for her interest in charities. She was, for many years, an active member of Ponemah Council, Degree of Pocahontas. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Grace McDonald, a recent visitor here, and Mrs. Myrtle Roark, both of Boise, Idaho.

Mrs. Rachel Jones of Grass Valley Succumbs

Mrs. Rachel Ann Jones of Grass Valley who died Sunday morning in a Nevada City hospital, will be borne to rest tomorrow afternoon following services in the Hooper and Weaver Mortuary. Interment will be in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Jones was a native of England, aged 70 years. She leaves an adopted daughter, Mrs. I. W. Davidson of Nevada City, Her husband, a miner, died many years ago. The deceased had lived in Grass Valley 53 years, most of the time at 205 North School Street.

Donald Grover Takes Bride in Washington, D. C.

Announcements have been received by family members in Grass Valley of the wedding in Washington, D.C of D. Grover of Grass Valley and Miss Deloris Gracola. The ceremony took place in the Holy Comforter Church with Rev. John Mountain officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blaine of Washington were attendants. The honeymoon was spent in Philadelphia. The bride is a native of Minnesota and a graduate of Hibbings College of that state. For two she years she has been engaged in war work with the Department of Justice in Washington.

Grover fas an instructor in a naval base at Washington and entered the navy in 1942. He is now stationed at Fort Wright, Fisher's Island, New York. and is a member of the navy's New York Harbor Entrance Control. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Grover of Berkeley, but for some years resided with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Morateur, in Grass Valley attending school, and later, Placer Junior College at Auburn.

NEW COMMITTEE PASSES ON ODT APPLICATIONS

H. F. Sofge, secretary of the Nevada County Lumber and Mining committee of the ODT, yesterday stated that at meeting of that body the application of the Calida Lumber Company now engaged in production of lumber at Brandy City, Sierra County, had made application on behalf of a trucking company for six diesel trucks and six with which to move 90,000 board feet of lumber daily when the mill resumes operation April 1.

Attending the meeting were Bert Foreman, chairman, of Nevada City, F. J. DeViverious of Grass Valley, R. H. Wilson of Washington, Nevada County, Acton Cleveland of Camptonville, Yuba County, Ross Taylor of Downieville, Sierra County, all members of the committee, and George Ellsworth, chairman, and Miss E. E. Beatty, secretary of the Grass Valley Ration and Price Board. C. F. Foster of the office of Defense Transportation of Sacramento, L. Y. Ross and A. F. Baumhoff of the Calida Lumber Company, L. R. Evans, supervisor of the OPA, Richard V. Lentz of Camptonville, and, representing the Tahoe national forest, F. W. Ahrenholz and D. R. Conover.

The committee is empowered to make recommendations in this area to the ODT office regarding applications for equipment for lumber and mining concerns, such as new trucks, trailers, tires and gasoline. Their approval of such applications, under an arrangement with the ODT officials will expedite deliveries of these items when they are available. The committee approved the application of the trucking company which will serve the Calida Lumber Company.

FOREST SERVICE HONORED

Observing the 40th anniversary of the National forest service, the Nevada City Lodge of Elks have invited the Tahoe national forest staff to be their guests at a dinner tomorrow evening. Following the dinner there will be an entertainment program to mark a milestone in this national service anad its importance to the region.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Hannah Hayden of Grass Valley, charged with intoxication in a public place, changed her plea of not guilty to guilty when she appeared before Justice of the Peace Charles Morehouse. She was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail with commitment suspended on condition of good behavior.

DIVORCE

HATTON—In Nevada City, Nevada County, March 2, 1945, Ida S. Hatton vs. Woodbury H. Hatton; interlocutory decree, cruelty.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

WANTED—I HAVE REQUEST FOR a country property that has a house with plumbing and electricity and as much land as possible for a price of from $4,000 to $5,000. No tillable land is required but plenty of trees and preferably on a stream. Should like to contact anyone with that kind of property for sale.
Have numerous inquiries for places of all descriptions. One party has even left a deposit for first payment on a small chicken ranch. Last week a sale was made of 200 acres of mining ground and this week the Burnett place at N. San Suan was sold through this agency. Anyone having any kind of real estate or business property for sale, please list it with the oldest practicing Real Estate Broker in Nevada City and be sure of a square deal. All my clients become my friends. 5% is my commission no matter how small the deal and I have never charged a penny for rentals. That service is gladly done without charge. Give me a chance to serve you and satisfaction is guaranteed. Phone 324-J or call at 502 Factory St., Nevada City.
LUDWIG NETZ, Real Estate and Business Opportunity Broker.
3-12tc

FARM WANTED—Want around 80 acres of farm and pasture land, a few acres of timber alright with same. Would like a stream through place and water rights. Must have home on it. Owners only. Send information on what you have to Gordon B. Moore, 881 Via Wanda, North Long Beach, 5, Calif.
3-13tc

REAL ESTATE
HOMES, INCOME PROPERTY, ACREAGE
John Mlinarich, Licensed Broker. Next to Nevada City Motel, Tahoe Ukiah Highway. P. O. Box 558.

WANTED—Coin collections, L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City.
3mo.2-13.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Weekly trips to bay area. Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING — Loud Speaker Systems for Rent. Complete stock of portable and large type radio batteries. ART'S RADIO HOSPITAL — Specialists in Radio ills. 201 Mill Street, Grass Valley. Phone 984.
2-19tf

WE REPAIR
AND WE FIX
Lawn Mowers, Locks, Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machines, Electric Irons, Stoves, in short almost anything that is used around the house or the yard, we can repair.
ART'S REPAIR SHOP
RAY'S FIXIT SHOP
109 WEST MAIN STREET
Grass Valley

Mail this for SAMPLE copies of THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

You will find yourself one of the best informed persons in your community when you read The Christian Science Monitor regularly. You will find fresh, new viewpoints, a fuller, richer understanding of world affairs . . . truthful, accurate, unbiased news. Write for sample copies today, or send for a one-month trial subscription to this international daily newspaper . . . .

$1

The Christian Science Publishing Society
One, Norway Street, Boston 15, Mass.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Please send sample copies of The Christian Science Monitor including copy of Weekly Magazine Section.

☐ Please send a one-month trial subscription to The Christian Science Monitor, for which I enclose $.....

REXILLANA
FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
4 OUNCES 50¢
A Rexall PRODUCT

OUR STOCK OF COUGH AND COLD REMEDIES is Most Complete. All standard and advertised products available.

R. E. Harris
THE REXALL DRUG STORE
TELEPHONE 100

Tyler's
Photo Finishing
PORTRAITS
107 Mill Street, Grass Valley
Phone 3-W

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

WARD & WARD
ASSAYING, ANALYSIS AND METALLURGICAL TESTING
AUBURN, CALIFORNIA

DOCTORS

B. W. HUMMELT, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
400 Broad Street
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m.; 2-5 p. m.
Evenings 7-8. Phone 395 X-RAY

ATTORNEYS

H. WARD SHELDON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Union Building Broad Street
Nevada City Telephone 28

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

HOLMES FUNERAL HOME
The Holmes Funeral Home service is priced within the means of all. Ambulance service at all hours.
Phone 203
246 Sacramento St.. Nevada City

MINING ENGINEERS

J. F. O'CONNOR
Mining and Civil Engineer
United States Mineral Surveying
Licensed Surveyor
203 West Main St. Grass Valley

GRASS VALLEY
DOCTORS

Vernon W. Padgett, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours: 1 to 3. 7 to 8 p. m.
Sundays 11:30 to 12:30.
129 South Auburn St., Grass Valley
Phone Grass Valley 360
If No Answer—Grass Valley 17-W.

NEVADA CITY
FRATERNAL AND CLUB DIRECTORY

WOMEN'S CIVIC CLUB
Regular meetings the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month, at the Grammar School Auditorium. 2:30 p. m.
MRS. BERYL ROBINSON, Pres.
MRS. MARGARET WELLS, Sec.

NEVADA CITY LODGE, No. 518 B. P. O. ELKS
Meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Elks Home, Pine St. Phone 108. Visitinw Elks welcome.
W. L. TAMBLYN,
LAMBERT THOMAS, Sec.

HYDRAULIC PARLOR NO. 56, N. S. G. W.
Meets every Tuesday evening at Pythian Castle, 132 Broad Street Visiting Native Sons welcome.
WILLIAM H. YOUNG, Pres.
DR. C. W. CHAPMAN, Rec. Sec'y

OUSTOMAH LODGE No. 16 IOOF
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 at Odd Fellows Hall.
HARRY R. DOUGLASS, N. G.
WM. H. RICHARDS, Rec. Sec'y.
JOHN W. DARKE, Fin. Sec'y.

JOB PRINTING..?
GET YOURS AT
THE NUGGET



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

CHAPTER XXIV

As I looked around now the bombers were gone, but climbing up from the South I saw four twin-engine ships that I thought were I-4?'s; later we decided they were Japanese Messerschmitts. I had plenty of altitude on the leader, and started shooting at him from long range, concentrating on his right engine. He turned to dive, and I followed him straight for the water. I remember grinning, for he had made the usual mistake of diving instead of climbing. But as I drew up on the twin-engine ship, I began to believe that I had hit him from the long range. His ship was losing altitude rapidly in a power glide, but he was making no effort to turn. I came up to within fifty yards and fired into him until he burned. I saw the ship hit the water and continue to burn. We had been going towards the fog bank in the direction of the Philippines, and I wondered if the Jap had been running for Manila.

I shot at two of the other twin-engine ships from long range but couldn't climb up to them. Then I passed over Hongkong island, flying at a thousand feet; I was too low but didn't want to waste any time climbing. And I saw something that gripped my heart—a fenced-in enclosure which I knew was Fort Stanley, the British and American prison camp. There was a large group standing in the camp and waving at my ship. My saddest feeling of the war came over me then. Here were soldiers who had been prisoners of the Japanese for nearly a year. Month after month they had waited for the sight of Allied airplanes attacking Hongkong—and at last it had come. Even in their suffering they were waving a cheer to the few United States planes that had finally come, and I swore to myself I'd come back again and again.

Then I saw above me the criss-crossing vapor paths of an area where fighter ships have sped through an air attack. They almost covered the sky in a cloud. Here and there were darker lines that could have been smoke paths where ships had burned and gone down to destruction.

I was rudely jerked back to attention by a slow voice that yet was sharp: "If that's a P-40 in front of me, waggle your wings." I rocked my wings before I looked. Then I saw the other ship, a P-40 nearly a mile away. I think from the voice it was Tex Hill. I went over towards him and together we dove towards home.

The presence of the other P-40 made me feel very arrogant and egotistical, for I had shot down four enemy ships and had damaged others. So I looped above Victoria harbor and dove for the Peninsular Hotel. My tracers ripped into the shining plate-glass of the penthouses on its top, and I saw the broken windows cascade like snow to the streets, many floors below. I laughed, for I knew that behind those windows were Japanese high officers, enjoying that modern hotel. When I got closer I could see uniformed figures going down the fire-escapes, and I shot at them. In the smoke of Kowloon I could smell oil and rubber. I turned for one more run on the packed fire-escapes filled with Jap soldiers, but my next burst ended very suddenly. I was out of ammunition. Then, right into the smoke and through it right down to the tree top levels, I headed Northwest to get out of Japanese territory sooner, and went as fast as I could for Kweilin.

I was the last ship in, and the General was anxiously waiting for me, scanning the sky for ships to come in. He knew I had shot down an enemy, for I had come in with my low-altitude roll of victory. But when I jumped from my cramped seat and said, "General, I got four definitely," he shook my hand and looked very happy. "That makes nineteen then," he said, "for the fighters and the bombers."

We had lost a fighter and a bomber. The bomber had become a straggler when one engine was hit by anti-aircraft; then it was shot to pieces by one of the twin-engined Jap fighters. The pilot had managed even then to get it down, but he had remained in the ship to destroy the bomb-sight, and had been shot through the foot by a Jap cannon. Two of the bomber crew had bailed out and were captured. The other two carried the injured pilot until he had begged them to leave him alone and escape. They had bandaged his foot tightly, but had refused to go without him.

As they moved on through the enemy lines that night, they stopped to rest, and the wounded pilot crawled away from them to insure their getting away to the guerrilla lines. They escaped, and later we received a letter signed by the other two crewmen which said that the pilot had been captured and was then in a Japanese hospital. The letter was a Japanese propaganda leaflet that the Japs had dropped near Kweilin, but being properly signed, it gave us hope for the remainder of the crew, and for the heroic pilot, Lieutenant Allers.

That night Morgan led a night raid to bomb Canton, and had a successful attack. Later the same night, Ed Bayse led six bombers to destroy the power station on Hongkong Island. In his return to Kweilin, five of his ships landed but the other continued to circle—informing the radioman that he had no air speed and thus was having difficulty bringing the fast bomber in to land.

Bayse, who had worked all the day and most of the night over enemy lines, started his ship and went aloft, got the other ship on his wing in formation, and told the pilot to keep the position. And then this experienced bomber pilot led the younger pilot in to a safe landing. It was teamwork of the sort that had begun to appear among the bomber crews, and more important still, as the co-ordinated attack had shown, between the fighters and bombers. This was what Colonel Cooper had been working for during the past several months.

Cooper had done another fine job, one that we learned of only after we returned to Kunming from the attack. In India the field in Assam had been raided heavily by the Japanese at the same hour as our attack on Kowloon, and simultaneously the Japanese had tried to strike at Kunming with a large force. Colonel Cooper had been left behind in the hospital with a sinus infection. He was chafing at the bit, and we sympathized with him—for after having planned the greatest raid of the war in China, he had been forced out of accompanying the mission. But it has always been our contention out there that "everything happens for the best." And it proved out again. When the enemy planes approached Kunming, Cooper left the hospital and took charge of the defense of the home base. He sent Schiel's Squadron towards the South at exactly the right time. They not only intercepted the enemy and foiled the attack but shot down eight of the enemy. That made the score for the Group twenty-seven enemy planes on October 25th, and three highly successful bombing raids.

We were ordered home the next day, although we now had the enemy at our mercy without fighter protection against future raids to-



Gen. Chennault observes the return of the C.A.T.F. from a raid. Lieut. Grossclose at left.

wards Hongkong. But heavy attacks had come to India, and we were needed to protect the terminus of the ferry route to China.

We managed, however, to leave a small force of P-40's under Holloway and Alison, with mission to dive-bomb shipping in Victoria harbor within the next few days. They took eight planes down and dove through the overcast towards some big enemy freighters that were on the way South towards the Solomons. Their bombs damaged two 8,000-ton freighters and sank a 12,000-ton vessel. Captain O'Connell made this last direct hit by almost taking his bomb down the smoke-stack of the enemy vessel, and in doing so he was shot down. He took the bomb very low, and in recovering from the dive he was attacked by a single enemy, who got one of the best pilots in the Squadron. Clinger and Alison saw the enemy ship, but from their distance they could do nothing in time to save O'Connell. While Alison was getting the lone enemy ship, Clinger dove in anger along the docks of Kowloon, strafing three anti-aircraft positions in the face of very heavy ground-fire.

The most vivid memories of our air war in China come from the little things. Like the memory of General Chennault, sitting there at the mouth of the cave in Kweilin through the long hours while we were away on the attack missions. Sitting there smoking his pipe and, like a football coach, planning the next week's work. Joe, the General's little black dashshund, would be burrowing into the rocks, looking for the inevitable rats. When with the passing minutes the P-40's or the bombers were due to return, the General would begin to watch the eastern sky. There he would sit without a word until the last ship was accounted for. Sometimes I thought: The General lives through every second of the combat with us. With his keen knowledge of tactics and of the Jap too, he sees exactly what we are doing.

Another memory that always brings a smile is Lieutenant Couch's face when he was explaining what happened the first time he got a Jap Zero in his sights. The enemy ship was a lone "sitter," probably some inexperienced Japanese pilot who wasn't looking around and didn't know the P-40 was behind him. Couch said he kept moving up closer and closer until he knew the Jap was going to be dead the instant he pressed his trigger. Then he pressed—and nothing happened. He squeezed the trigger until he thought he'd press the top off the stick; he found that he shut his eyes, flinched, and bit his lip, but still the guns didn't fire.

The American pilot from the Carolinas swore and throttled back, dropping to the rear while the Jap kept flying innocently on. After Couch had recharged his guns he began to stalk the Zero again, going closer and closer until he could see the enemy pilot at the controls. He set his sights right on the cockpit and pressed the trigger once more. And again nothing happened.

Couch came home disgusted, and I think he worked on his guns all night.

One memory brings back a joke on myself. I had been on a long flight toward Hankow, and from the time of take-off, all the way to the enemy base, all during combat, and then back home, I had been forced to pump my landing-gear up manually every ten miles. At eighteen thousand feet, in the rarefied air and with an oxygen mask on, this becomes monotonous work, but in combat it's even a dangerous kind of work. I had pumped and pumped, and just as I'd get the wheels back up the hydraulic valve would release the pressure and I'd feel that the wheels were slowly dropping again. Now, after nearly seven hundred miles of it, over some three hours and a half, I pumped them up once more and they seemed to hold. I asked my wing man to fly up close and investigate.

Bruce Holloway told me later that they had all been listening for reports of the fight, via the Command Radio back in Kunming—when over the ether they heard a very Southern drawl disgustedly calling, "Dubois, fly up close to me and see if that goddam wheel is down again."

We tried to hold the chatter over the radios to a minimum, but there were times when the men released their emotions into the microphone, and we thought it better not to try to cut it out altogether. We had codes for every purpose, but we found that when you really needed something, it was just as good to ask for it in the clear or in veiled American slang. Sometimes the retorts that came as a natural response to actions were better than any that could have been planned and written by the masters.

Up between Hengyang and Lingling we had broken the main Jap force with several attacks and there were only stragglers around the sky. We had been searching them out for fifteen minutes when I saw and heard a remark that was nothing short of classic. From 21,000 feet I observed a lone Zero. But there was a P-40 trailing him, and so I held my altitude and watched. The P-40 closed the gap more and more, following the acrobatics of the Jap, and then drew up for the kill. As the tracers from the six guns went into the Zero I heard the voice of Captain Goss say, "There, Hirohito, you bastard—God rest your soul." Over the radio you could also hear the staccato roll of the six Fifties. The Zero slowly rolled over to destruction.

Sometimes the hated Japs had the last word. In regions where the air-warning net was working poorly or not at all, our first knowledge of the approach of the enemy would be the sight of Japanese bombers overhead. As the bombs blasted the runways and the Jap radial engines were taking their ships at high altitude back towards their bases, we would hear over the radio on our exact frequency, in perfect English: "So sorry, please, so sorry."

We would just shake our fists and wait for better days.

When I first brought "Old Exterminator" to China, I had painted the number 10 on the fuselage. Later on we used the last three numerals of the Air Corps numbers for call letters, or were assigned some name like "ash," "oak," or "pine." But the first time I came back from Chungking, late one afternoon, I approached Kunming down the usual corridor, expecting that to identify me automatically, and from far out I called by radio: "One-Zero, coming in from the North." Of course I was using the numerals of the number "ten" to identify me to the radio-man. Instead, as I came over the field I saw anti-aircaft men of the Chinese Army running for their guns, and I saw six P-40's taking off to shoot the invader down. Meaning me. You've probably guessed it by now—the radioman gathered that some one had just warned him that one enemy Zero was about to strafe the field. Needless to say, I took myself to safer places for a few minutes until I could properly identify my ship. Then I landed and changed the fuselage number to lucky "seven"—but definitely not seventy.

There just wasn't much relaxation in China with Scotch at one hundred dollars gold a bottle—when you could find it. In fact, we didn't get to drink anything except boiled water and that really terrible rice wine. This we had to learn to down with the Chinese and in their manner, which was with the inevitable salute, "Gambey," or "bottoms up." Then they'd come and proudly show you the bottoms of their glasses, and you'd have to follow suit with a weak little gambey.

Then there was the incessant ringing of the telephones in the warning-net plotting-room that got on all our nerves. After months I found out that without exception every pilot tried not to let others know of his nervousness. But it became unmistakable, for the tension that built up around the card-tables in the alert shacks was not the most effectively disguised in the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TAX COMMITTEE HEAD URGES NO TAX INCREASE

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5—The levy of unnecessary state taxes is unpatriotic and contrary to the best interests of returning war veterans, Sidney M. Ehrman, chairman of the statewide tax committee of the California Chamber of Commerce, declared today in announcing that the state chamber endorses Gov. Warren's recommendation for continuance of the state tax reduction program enacted in 1943.

"It is the duty of the state during the post war adjustment period to keep its tax demands at a minimum so that industry will have as little difficulty as possible in converting to a peace time basis," Ehrman declared. "Continuance of the tax reduction program is a necessity if employers are to be able to do their utmost in producing jobs when members of the armed forces are demobilized."

Unless the present legislature reenacts the 1943 program, Ehrman pointed out, California citizens will pay an additional $100,000,000 in state taxes during the two critical post war adjustment years which lie ahead, although the governor's proposed budget for that period is in balance and there will be a surplus of $306,588,146 in the state treasury by June 1947.

The present combined federal, state, and local tax burden in this state absorbs thirty five cents out of each dollar of the public's income, mostly for war purposes, according to Ehrman. It is unthinkable that the state add $100,000,000 in unneeded taxes in the face of a nationwide effort to keep our economy on an even keel during the critical post war adjustment which will follow the cessation of hostilities, Ehrman added.

"The increase is being proposed when war time prosperity would make increased taxes easier to bear, but the full impact of this additional $100,000,000 burden would be felt after the war," Ehrman said.

Millions of dollars of increased revenue pouring into the state treasury would constitute an even greater temptation to extravagant spending than does the existing surplus.

DEATH

KITTS—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, February 28, 1945, Clifford Girard Kitts, husband of Mrs. Nellie Kitts, son of Mrs. Mary Alice Kitts, and father of Pfc. Marvin Kitts, U. S. Army and Carl Kitts, Grass Valley, a native of Willow Valley, Nevada County, aged 63 years. Funeral services were held March 4. Interment was in the Masonic Cemetery.

BORN

STRUCKMAN—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, February 26, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Struckman of the Wolf District, a daughter.

QUAIL PREFERRED SEEKS SLOGAN, OFFERS PRIZES

To commence during California Conservation Week, March 7-14, "Quail Preferred" announces the initiation of a slogan contest to stimulate interest in the future welfare of our dwindling coveys of California valley quail.

This little plumed knight of the chaparrel was adopted as our state bird in 1929 as the result of a popular vote but since then there has been a steadily growing decline in the numbers of this native upland game bird.

Positive reasons for this alarming reduction has not been definitely determined although several factors have proved to be contributing causes.

Quail Preferred was inaugurated one year ago by a state wide group of business and professional men for the sole purpose of instigating quail restoration projects. The California Fish and Game Commission has recognized this intense interest and is expending renewed effort to solve and correct the disappearing valley quail condition.

Quail Preferred believes that participation in the announced contest, and the resultant American fondness for "catchy" slogans will increase the interest in the quail replenishment program.

Rules are simple. Not over ten words. Submit as many entries as desired. Quail Preferred officers and directors and their immediate families are not eligible.

Contest closing date is midnight, April 30, 1945. Earliest receiving date designates the winner of identical slogans.

Prizes: Winner, $100 war bond and honorary life membership in Quail Preferred. Second, $50 war bond and ten year honorary membership. Third, $25 war bond and five year honorary membership. A one year paid up membership to all receiving honorable mention.

Submit entries to Qpail Preferred, 314 Front Street, San Francisio, 11, California.

Iceland possesses neither an army nor a navy, and its permanent neutrality was established in 1918.

Sixty per cent of the population of Guatemala is of pure Indian descent.

RUPTURED?

THE IMPROVED PATENTED DOBBS TRUSS IS DIFFERENT

New Neoprene Composition—Non-Irritating—Washable.
NO STRAPS, BELT OR BULBS

CANNOT SLIP. Holds muscles together with a soft concave pad. Keeps rupture tightly closed at all times while working, lifting, walking or swimming. Lightweight.
Reason should teach you not to place a bulb or ball in opening of rupture, thereby spreading muscles apart.

FREE DEMONSTRATION—NO OBLIGATION
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Tuesday, March 6th—10 A. M. to 8 P. M.

BRET HARTE INN, Grass Valley, Calif.

PHONE —(HOTEL NO.) ASK FOR DOBBS

Hotel Clunie

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

IT'S FAMOUS COFFEE SHOP AND COCKTAIL BAR

ARE RENOWNED IN CALIFORNIA

RATES FROM $1.50 UP

Excellent Service—Best Food

8TH AND K STREET, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA
TOY AND JACOBS. JACK BRUNO, Manager



For Real Enjoyment Eat MEAT

Our patrons find that despite rationing and wartime conditions the quality of our meats measures up to the same high stadnards we have always maintained. Our meats come from the best cattle, lambs and swine that money can buy. Our service to our patrons is built on a foundation of high quality and reasonable prices. Ask your neighbors about us. They will tell you.

KEYSTONE MARKET

DAVE RICHARDS, Prop.

213 Commercial Street
Phone 67 Nevada City

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"

●BUY
●DEFENSE
●STAMPS

Chamber of Commerce

OFFICE IN CITY HALL
PHONE 575

GEO. H. SHIRKEY OPTOMETRIST
HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED
SEE ME-SEE BETTER
118 MILL ST. GRASS VALLEY CAL.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE DRIVE IN
FOOD PALACE
Groceries, Fruit and Vegetables
Beer and Wine
COR. YORK AND COMMERCIAL STREETS
NEVADA CITY, PHONE 398

UPHOLSTERY
OF ALL KINDS
* *
John W. Darke
109-J Phones 109-M

New Deal
Under Management of Pauline and Johnnie
108 W. Main Street, Grass Valley
BEER WINES, LIQUORS
Delicious Mixed Drinks to Please Every Taste

CLARENCE R. GRAY
WATCHMAKER
520 COYOTE STREET
TELEPHONE 162
NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA

WITH OUR

BOYS AND GIRLS

IN GLOBAL WAR

Paul Carlson—

Aboard a Carrier somewhere in Pacific—(Delayed)—Marine Second Lieutenant Paul O. Werner Carlson, 28, of Nevada City, is a radio officer serving with a leatherneck air unit aboard a carrier.

The assignment of his unit marked the first time in this war that Marines were given carriers from which to fight the enemy.

Before joining the Marine Corps in January, 1943 Lieut. Carlson was a chemist for the American Potash and Chemical Company at Trona, Calif.

His wife, Ellen and two children, Esther 2, and Christian, 10 months live in Nevada City.

Francis Thompson—

Francis Thompson, U. S. marine corps who has been in Virginia two years, spent Friday and Saturday in Nevada City with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson. He was accompanied by his wife and infant son.

Craig Davies—

Craig Davies, U. S. marine corps, is somewhere in the South Pacific. He wrote his father, Frank Davies, the latter part of last week that he had seen Robert James also in the marines. Robert is on New Britain Island.

Robert James—

In a letter received last week, Pfc. Robert James, U. S. marine corps, stated he hoped to get a furlough before long. He has been over seas two years this coming March 21, when he left the marine base at San Diego. Robert had met Craig Davies also a marine, and they enjoyed a grand visit and trip into the country. Bob sent home pictures of himself and chum in them he looked in best of health. He has been changed to 1st Division of the 5th Marines.

William James—

Sgt. William James, oldest son of Mrs. Nance James, sent pictures of himself showing him to be in fine spirits and health in French Morocco, North Africa. Scenery in the pictures shows the country to be beautiful. It was raining when Bill wrote and he stated it was getting warmer for which they were glad. Mail had been delayed and he had received six of his mother's letters at once—she writes twice a week—Bill stated it was like reading a continued story. The group had turkey dinners on St. Valentine and Washington's Birthday.

GRAY LADY WILL BE SPEAKER

Mrs. Verna Taylor, chairman of the Grey Ladies Corps of Grass Valley, will be the guest speaker Wednesday evening at the March dinner meeting of the Grass Valley Business and Professional Women's Club at the Bret Harte Inn.

Mrs. Taylor will describe the work of the corps which is chiefly engaged in welfare and entertainment programs at DeWitt General Hospital near Auburn. Mrs. Nellie Parsons will introduce the speeaker. Presiding will be the club's president Miss Betty Eldredge.



Lieut. Paul Carlson of Nevada City, Leatherneck aboard carrier with Marine air unit.

A NEVADA CITY

class sleeper, which was the first break of real luxury we had had these many months. (We do live comfortably, however, don't mistake). The French first class is really good and we felt at the time like spending our leave riding back and forth on the train between Paris and Lyon. All this time we were eating snacks we had brought with us because it is well nigh impossible to buy food, only on the black market or in American meesses. We ate lunch at an offices club in Lyon. The Americans at the station there tried to persuade us to spend leave in Lyon. Their job is the RTO. We had one hour to make lunch and get the train and the lieutenant at the RTO got us a car which rushed us to lunch and back again. But, an international crisis almost developed when we took advantage of the French driver.

He had been ordered by the lieutenant to wait for us while we ate lunch, but when we arrived at the mess the driver insisted he was going to leave and send another car (larger one back for us.) We didn't dare take a chance of getting left so we took the keys of the car into the lunch with us. Of course the Frenchman was in a small rage, but we didn't care. In the meantime a larger car arrived for us and we left him threatening to report us to the colonel who was demanding his services. We decided to make a quick escape and clambered back to our train not so comfortable as the last and crowded. Upon getting settled we found opposite us a lieuaenant colonel and Maggie told him the story. He was the colonel. But he laughed. On the train I sat between a GI from Louisiana and a Greek who had just escaped after 36 months in a prison in Germany. He could speak Japanese, German, Greek and a smattering of French, and was a friendly soul. In his few words of English he asked me if I spoke Japanese. That was out of the blue and floored me, but he came forth with his other linguistic accomplishments and Bunny who speaks French like a native and I with my extremely limited German vocabulary carried on a three way language conversation most of the afternoon. It was four way if the sign language is included.

I was knitting (new accomplishment) on a sweater I am making out o[illegible] or accomplishment) and caused much mirth for the Greek because I am so awkward. Via sign language, he showed me how much faster his mother knitted and told me it would take 2 years for me to finish. This I admitted, but plodded on. By a combination of 3 languages he asked us for the term "you are welcome" in English. After I told him he wrote in down in Greek and repeated it to himself in English several times. I knew he wanted to use the term so later I handed him my knitting to hold for a moment and said "thank you." Sure enough a pleased expression came over his face as he came forth with "you are welcome.

A companion of his sat across from him. The companion didn't speak at all. But, evidently they were very hungry and craved cigarettes for they ate everything we handed them and smoked lots of cigarettes. It developed they were not fed either by the Americans or British mess, so they had a hard time getting food. They were trying to get back home. Their families had evidently moved to Australia, where they were going to settle down. They said they got very little food in the German prison camp and that Red Cross packages had never been received because the Germans took them.

When we got to Marsailles that evening we decided to stay over night and continue to Cannes the next afternoon. There again, we found that the sheets not fresh, no hot water or heat but being tired I slept like a log. First though, we went to the Red Cross officer's club and had cookies and hot coffee and ice cream. The ice cream was a real treat. I've had it about 5 times since I came overseas. When I get home I want at least a quart for my first plateful. That is going to top off a gallon of fresh orange juice, a big slice of tender ham a dzen fresh fried eggs and a gallon of fresh milk. Maybe I'll throw in an avacado.

The next day we arose in time to have coffee and French pastries for breakfast at the Red Cross officer's club about 10 a. m. We finished in time to eat lunch at an officers mess and then proceeded to walk about the town a little. Marty and I got separated from the other three so we wandered a little, too tired to really do much sightseeing. We arrived in front of our hotel a little before train time and just stood there in a state of fatigue from travelling. Suddenly I saw two GIs driving a command car with an empty rear seat. On an impulse I put up my hitchikers thumb and they stopped and asked where we were going. I said, "sightseeing" and they said, "climb in," They took us to an officers club in which they were assigned to duty. It was a beauty but best of all we had a magnificent view of Marseilles from high on the hillside surrounding the bay. Marseilles is a city with beauty and definite character even though it has the reputation of being one of the most wicked cities in the world.

Marty and I got back to the hotel to find that Maggie and Libby had left already by car. Bunny was waiting for us, we got ready, and left for the station and the worst rat race I have ever seen.

The RTO gave us reserved seats but it was a question whether there was any possibility of getting into the train to claim them.

officials were pure[illegible] at that point. They knew that military personnel had o be [illegible]ed on the train, but instead of civilians back or providing special military car which is the [illegible]ing they let a small riot [illegible] loose. Marty and Bunny dashed onto the train to claim our seats while I remained with the luggage and the porter helping us. Luckily Bunny grossly overtipped him and the poor old palsied fellow stuck by us to the end. I couldn't begin to get through the mob 10 deep and 10 wide even to hand the luggage inside to Bunny and Marty who by this time were trapped in the middle of an aisle anyway. Four other Red Cross girls were in the same predicament too. Finally I decided to give up trying to get either the baggage or me on the train, and I got into the clear and relaxed into a day dream which was broken by the French officer yelling "Americain, Red Cross, Americain," I hopped to it while the officials held off the crowd. I slipped through a space six sizes smalled than myself. The little old porter handed me the luggage. I threw it in the aisle and fumed silently at the French.

The last Red Cross girl fell into the train just as it started off. The babble and excitement and anger and perspiration and tears and yelling by the French was terrific. The French glowered at the Americans and the Americans glowered at the French. Everything finally cooled off to a dull rage and we proceeded to enjoy the scenery which is similar to that of Southern California. Never have I witnessed such a stark raving abandonment of courtesy.

From the time we reached Cannes we have had nothing but luxury, rest and peace and beauty. I have set this letter aside several times because I have spent most of my time here seeing the sights and spending my money. Now I must leave tomorrow so I had better finish this letter and mail it.

We have lived this week in a very nice hotel which used to cater to resort trade. It is called the Savoy. Several of the best hotels have been taken over by the army for recration purposes. The Savoy is a smaller hotel which the Red Cross controls. I have a nice single room (for a change) which looks out onto the sea and La Croisette, the street following the shoreline. We have all kinds of service including breakfast in bed every morning. We eat lunch and dinner at the Carlton Hotel for 20 francs (40c). That is the regular army mess.

The first day we came the car of a general was at our disposal through a Red Cross big shot who subloaned it to us. The general's driver took us to Nice along the shoreline road. It is a pretty city, also, but we couldn't stay and wander around because the car was due back at a certain hour. We wanted to go to Monte Carlo but it is a neutral country and the boundary of Italy is there so the army is very strict about letting anyone in. The MP let us turn the car around inside the border so at least I can say I have been in Monaco. I was disappointed that I couldn't get to Monte Carlo because a lieutenant in our army had given me a package to deliver to his parents who live in Monte Carlo and if I had been able to do that I would probably have been given a fine reception. Now I am planning to ship it in via a Russian general of the last war whom I met briefly yesterday. I am hoping to get some Monocan stamps by the same method.

The lieutenant who gave me the package to bring down was born in Sweden. His father was in the Russian Red Cross in the last war. After the war they moved to France. The boy went to school in Switzerland. He went to the U. S. and joined the army, fought in the Aleutian campaign, in due time became a citizen of the U. S. and thereupon an officer. He now interrogates German prisoners. Actually he has spent approximately one year's time within the borders of his adopted country.

On the return trip from Nice we came through the town of Grasse. It is famous for its perfume distilleries. They were closed that day because it was Sunday. The town was a peaceful looking place nestling in the hills facing the Mediterranean.

After we got back to the hotel we had tea with Mrs. Macfarland, the Red Cross woman who runs this hotel for us. She serves tea every afternoon and we usually drop in. Simetimes there are some French people there.

Monday the stores were closed again because it was a holiday. The first few days we were here there was a Maardi Gras celebrating the Fete of the Mimosa. It is the mimosa season here and it grows quite promiscuously. Everyone seemed to have some. The celebration didn't amoune to a great deal. The chief reminder o it was a Morrocan band which periodically marched up and down the main streets playing marshall music. There was a colorful major domo and just behind followed a dressed up goat which never seemed to deviate an inch from his place with the band.

I shopped a lot in the army PX which was open that day and managed at last to get some perfume at a reasonable price. Cannes, like the rest of France, is suffering from terrific inflation. The worst place I have seen yet though is Brussels. Tuesday I did shopping in French stores, but purchased very little. My one folly was a lovely hand painted leather belt. But, I had a few things the shop keeper wanted very badly so I made a slight bargain and parted with them insead of my money. I have no doubt she sold them at enormous profit.

There are many beautiful things in the stores, but mostly we just look at them. I think I'll buy just one more thing—some buttons for a suit. They have most unusual ones here.

Wednesday I had a very interesting trip. Marty, Bunny, Gizzie and I, and another girl (Avis) who joined us went to a little town called St. Paul which is built on the top of one of the hills back from the sea. We went in a Red Cross car. St. Paul is a town dating from the Renaissance. I doubt if anything about it has changed exectp the people. We couldn't take the car in because the streets are narrow, rough and steep. We entered the town under a deep stone arch and climbed a rocky street to the church. The entire city is surrounded by a wall for protection. When southern France was invaded by the Americans the inhabitants watched the battle going on. Both sides were shooting over their heads while they sat cosily inside their wall. We learned that from a Frenchman we met outside of the church. One of the girls asked him what we should see in St. Paul and we found he and his sister spoke excellent English. They and his wife were very friendly and hospitable. They insisted on taking us to their home which they showed us from the cellar to attic. The man took us into his small garden where he urged us to pick all the lemons and oranges we wanted. We took a few so we could brag to those we left in the icy climate up north.

Then we were sat upon a veranda and given grapes and wine and brandy. Monsieur Challian made the mine and brandy himself. The wine was pretty good but the brandy would have started the kitchen fire with wet wood. We stayed about an hour and then we had to go home again because of the car.

I have been told that there is a famous place there for weaving. We went down under the deep stone arch again and stepped into the 20th century.

Just outside the walls are lovely villas and a very nice modern hotel which isn't doing business now.

Wednesday night I was inveighled into seeing some of the night life of Cannes. Another Red Cross girl I knew in Holland was along—Ruth Houck. It was with a young air corps pilot. We went to the air corps hotel and dances. I had a very good time. Lots of those boys are over from Italy. I couldn't help wishing that Ernest was among them.

I am sitting on the beach now in a beach chair, writing this letter. I am looking out across the sea toward Italy and wishing I could hop over there. This is the closest I have been to Buzz. Actually it isn't very far. I wish we could have met here but I haven't even written I am here because I wasn't sure when I was coming and figured it was impossible anyway.

Red Cross won't let us fly without special permission and planning to get to the Riviera alone is a tremendous job without planning further. I doubt whether they would be that considerate of my desires anyway—I hope the war is really near an end now and maybe then I can stop worrying about what to do about things like that.

Yesterday eleven of us ate a French lunch, strictly blackmarket. It cost each of us 600 francs or approximately 12 dollars. It wasn't worth that much but we had a lot of fun. The first course was a fish and potato soup unusual for the fact that the short fat ugly open mouthed fish was served whole with head and dead eyes and an expression on his face which looked as if he resented being snatched out of the beautiful Mediterranean and set afloat in a bowl of soup.

The next course was wolf fish noted for its ferosity. The proprietor said it is the best fish in the Mediterranean. It is about 20 inches long and tastes very much like trout. The main courses was roast lamb, fried potatoes and lettuce salad. I enjoyed the lamb because it was so long since I have had any. Very good French bread was, also, served. Desert was crepe suzzettes. They were exellent. I ate three. We drank red wine with the dinner and that was good too. We started to eat at 1 p. m. We left at 4 p. m.

I had tea twice after that and dinner again later. At one of the teas given by an American woman married to a Frenchman and who has lived over here many years, I met the Russian general and his wife.

Today I have sat on the beach and walked around the shops but I just bought a kind of nice looking key ring. I am trying to send off a package to Maxine because I finally got some perfume. The APO is so far away. I may have to carry the package around with me for awhile.

Tomorrow we leave to go back to work. It is going to seem worse than before we came down because of the contrast. I hate to go back to the terrible destruction, but maybe it won't be long now before the war ends and I want to be on the job when it does.

I am going to write to Buzz and then have tea. Keep well and be careful.

Your loving daughter, HELEN.

BIRTH

THOMAS—In Nevada City, Nevada County, February 26, 1945, to Lieut. and Mrs. Hervey Thomas of Grass Valley, a daughter.

Let's do it again this year

GARDEN for VICTORY



The time is here and the need is urgent for steady and serious work in your Victory Garden. Every bunch of vegetables and every bowl of berries and fruit you grow at home aids in the tremendous task of feeding the men and women who are fighting for us.

Let's do it again this year. Top the total of more than eight million tons of food grown in Victory gardens during the peak year of 1943. You will help food rationing. You will release more commercially grown and packed foods to our men and women in active service. You will help nourish back to health our men and women who lie in hospitals dreaming of their happy homecoming.

Dig hard, dig deep, dig often and keep a rotation of crops growing in your Garden for Victory. There is health and muscle tune-up in every spadeful of earth you turn over. There is nutritious good eating in every garden-fresh morsel of food you eat from your own garden. Plan—work—plant—*now* and keep at it.

P·G·and·E·
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
GE11W-345

THE NEED FOR FOOD IS GREAT

MORE HEAT FOR YOUR MONEY



Every drop of Standard Furnace Oil fairly *bulges* with heat (many exacting tests see to that). Every drop burns *completely*—goes farther. Keeps your burner clean and at peak performance—*saves you money.* Standard Furnace Oil outsells all others in the West because it delivers the maximum value for your fuel dollar.

STANDARD BURNER OILS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Alpha Stores, Ltd.

Phone 88 Grass Valley Phone 5 Nevada City

NEVADA COUNTY LUMBER COMPANY
"THE PIONEER LUMBER YARD"
BUILDING MATERIALS
244 Boulder Street Telephone 500 Nevada City, Calif.